Northern Messenger

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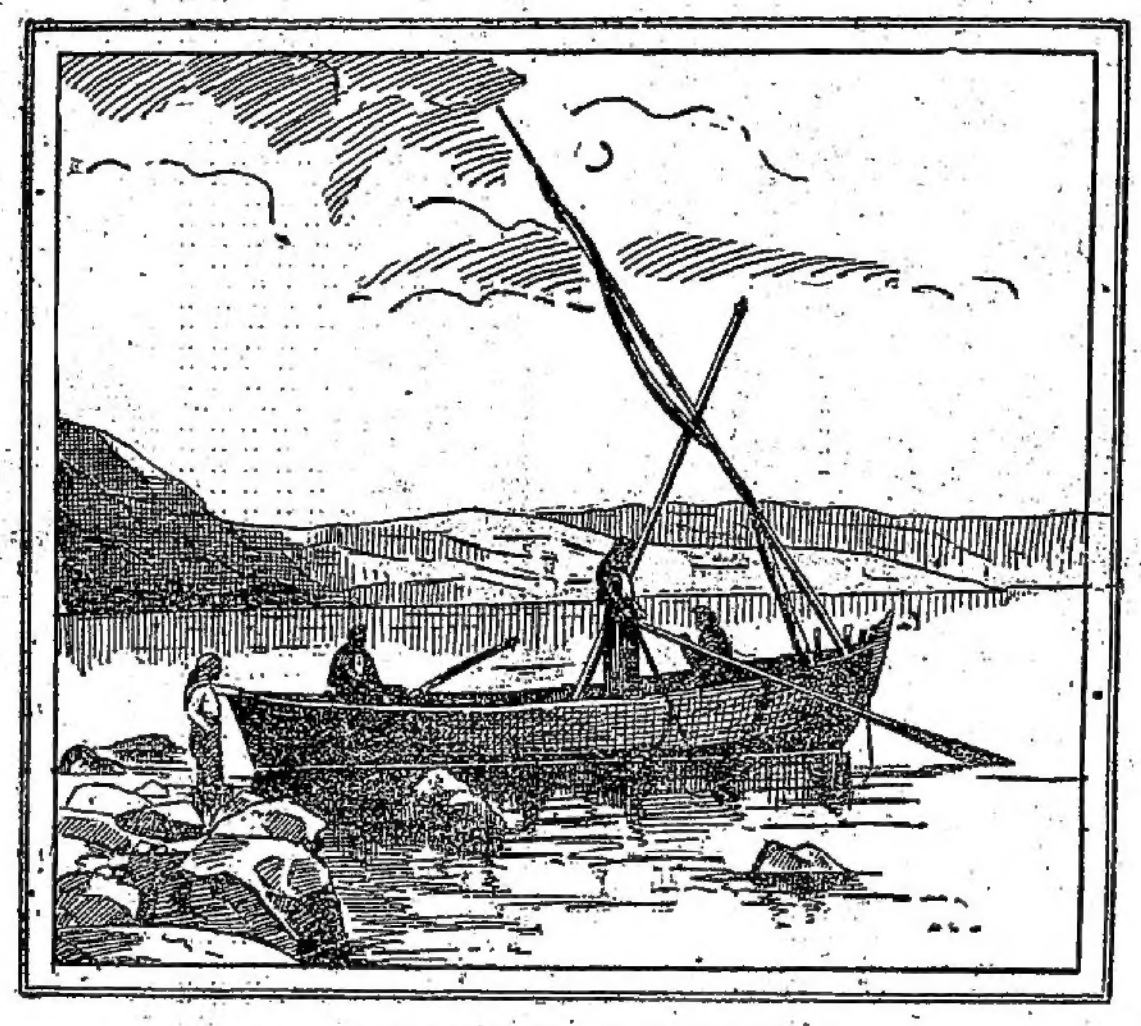
'Galilee, Blue Galilee.'

(By Arthur C. Kempton, in 'The Standard.')

The Sea of Galilee has beautifully been called 'The Lake of Jesus,' so often did he tread its shores and sail its waves. The human soul finds in transparent water a certain fascination that it meets nowhere else. Some of the most sacred memories and some of the most sorrowful memories of the human heart have for their centre a moss-grown well, a singing brook, a lily-grown pond, a placid lake, a solemn river, or a wave-tossed sea. Nor was Christ's experience different from ours. The fountain at Nazareth, the flood of Jordan, the Waters of Merom, the well of Jacob, the Brook Kedron, the Dead Sea, all reflect the scenes of his earthly life. But most lovingly and most tenderly must his memories hover over Galilee, for the greater part of his early ministry was spent upon her shores.



'GALILEE, BLUE GALILEE.'

THE GALILEE OF TO-DAY.

Let me describe Galilee as we saw it. Early in the morning we left Nazareth and our dragoman told us that we should take lunch upon the shores of Galilee at noon. All were eager for the first sight of the lake. At last, on rounding a headland, the blue waters appeared amid the hills far below us. Gradually, as we went on, the view unfurled, until we stood upon the heights overlooking the Lake of Jesus. There was 'Galilee, blue Galilee, where Jesus loved so much to be.' Few things in the Holy Land move the pilgrim more than does that sight. It brings Christ nearer to him than does Nazareth itself. There is the lake over which he so often sailed and on whose shores he so often preached. There are the ruins of Tiberias, Magdala, Gennesaret, Capernaum, Bethsaida, Chorazin. Behind is the Mount of Beatitudes, and across the lake is Gadara, and the place of the feeding of the 5,000. It all comes rushing over the tourist like a flood, till he is bewildered with sacred memories. It is not the present scenes, but past memories that move one; for no one would claim grandeur for the scenery of Galilee to-day.

It is not a sea, but a lake, and not even a lake of broad expanse. The Dead Sea with its sombre mountains and dark shadows has a grandeur. The Sea of Galilee, with its pearly shores, slumbering amid gently rounded hills, is beautiful, not grand. And in this they correspond with their history, for while the Dead Sea tells of 'wrath and ruin, of judgment and destruction,' the Sea of Galilee tells of 'mildness and mercy, of gentleness and peace.' Well did the old rabbis say: 'Jehovah hath made seven seas, but Galilee alone does he love.' The hills of Galilee are almost stripped of trees, except for a few lingering palms and scattered thorn bushes, the scrubby oaks of the gorges, and the oleanders that fringe the eastern shores, their gorgeous blossoms overhanging in the water. The mountains are bleak and bare. The only inhabited town we can see is Tiberias, a fever-stricken place of about three thousand people. Ruins of ancient cities strewn along the shore give the feeling of desolation. There are no cottages and homes such as we see about our American lakes to break the solitude. At night all is darkness; or if lights appear, they are but the glittering fire-flies, or the camp-fires of wandering Arabs or bands of pilgrims. Such is Galilee to-day.

IN JESUS'S DAY.

How different was Galilee in the day of Jesus. Josephus, who lived upon its shores but a few years after Christ was crucified, describes it fully in his writings. When Jesus came down from Nazareth to find his home and his disciples upon these shores, where there are now no trees, there were great woods; where there are marshes, there were noble gardens; where there is but a boat or two, there were fleets of sails; where there is one small town, there were a dozen great cities. At night numberless lights shone round about the lake as stars shine round about the moon. The province of Galilee then had a population of 3,000,000 souls, and this lake was the centre of their life. Galilee was girdled with cities. All round about her waters mirrored city walls, houses, synagogues, castles, temples, theatres, Roman forts.

These shores and hills swarmed with people fishing or mending their nets, sowing or reaping, journeying to and fro upon foot, or spreading their sails for the breezes of the lake. It was no retired mountain lake by whose shores Jesus took up his abode. He was not a hermit, but a Saviour. Nowhere, outside of Jerusalem itself, could he have found such a sphere for his words and works of mercy; from no other centre could his fame have gone throughout all Syria; nowhere else could he have drawn about him the vast multitudes that hung upon his lips; nowhere else would his deeds of mercy attract so 'many coming and going that he had not time so much as to eat.' Such was the Galilee that Jesus saw when he came over the hills of Nazareth, or walked along these shell-strewn shores, or 'crossed over to the other side,' or retired to those mountains for a night of solitary prayer. Amid these scenes he preached the greater part of the three years of his ministry. From the fishermen of these shores he chose four of the twelve who were his followers.

THE FISH OF GALILEE.

We rode down the steep hillside, passed through the filthy streets of Tiberias, and pitched our lunch tent close beside the shore. That day we bathed in Galilee, and gathered many of her tiny shells, and left our footprints in those sands which 1,900 years ago bore the marks of his blessed feet. There upon the shores we saw the nets spread out to dry, and as we sat down to lunch we discovered that our dragoman had procured us some of the fish of Galilee. They were bony and rather tasteless, fish resembling our perch, but as we ate them we remembered how often the fish of this lake are mentioned in the gospel record. 'The two small fishes,' which helped to feed the five thousand men, were caught in Galilee; so also were the 'few fishes,' that Jesus multiplied for the four thousand hungry hearers who had 'nothing to eat.' It was from the mouth of a fish which he had just caught that Peter took the tribute money and paid taxes for himself and his Master. Here it was that occurred that miraculous draught of fishes, so great that the amazed Peter fell down at Jesus' knees saying, 'Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord.' It was by a similar draught of 'great fishes, an hundred and fifty and three,' caught by Peter and his friends after they had toiled all night and caught nothing, that the risen Redeemer revealed himself to his disciples on the shores of this lake. And it was by eating 'a piece of broiled fish,' which he himself had

cooked upon a fire of coals beside these shores, that Jesus sought to convince his disciples of the reality of his resurrection. We cease to wonder, therefore, that the figure of a fish became the secret symbol of the early Christians in those days of persecution which followed the ascension of Christ. Thus, in 'Quo Vadis,' the drawing of a fish in the sand is made a confession of Christ.

Standing upon these shores, or in a fisher's boat, Christ preached the 'sermons beside the sea.' Here also he spake many of the most beautiful parables that fell from his lips. Pointing one day to a fisherman's boat that had just come to shore drawing a net filled with all kinds of fishes, as the net lay upon the shore, filled with its wriggling occupants, he said: 'The kingdom of heaven is likened unto the net which is cast into the sea and is gathered of every kind; which, when it was filled, they drew upon the beach; and they sat down and gathered the good into vessels, but the bad they cast away. So shall it be at the end of the world.' Beside this sea he also wrought many of his mightiest miracles; miracles in Capernaum, miracles at Gadara, miracles beyond the lake; and miracles upon its bosom. As we were crossing this lake in a fisherman's boat, a wind storm swept down upon us, dashing the water into the boat and drenching us to the skin. Some of our party were almost as terrified as were the disciples, but the Master was with us as he was with them, though we heard not his 'Peace, be still,' except with the ears of the soul.

After spending a day and a night with our tents pitched upon the ruins of Capernaum, 'his own city,' we mounted our horses and started north for Damascus. Upon the summit of the rocky mountain that rises to the north, we drew rein and paused for a few moments that we might take our last look at that lake and the Holy Land. There it lay, smiling in the sunshine like a sleeping child, while the hills hung over it like guardians of rock. How marvellous has been the history of this sacred sheet of water. How often must Jesus return in memory and stand again upon its shores. If he is indeed to come in bodily presence, as his disciples saw him go, surely there is no place on earth more likely to be blessed by his visit than,

'Galilee, blue Galilee,
Where Jesus loved so much to be.'

The Judge Prayed All Night.

Canon Knox-Little once had Baron Pollock, the famous judge, as his guest, and he tells this remarkable and interesting incident of him:

He noticed in the morning that the judge looked pale and tired, and he remarked that the judge's work must be exhausting. He answered in words like these:

'I have had to be up almost all night; for to sentence some, especially the young—young men and boys—is such an awful responsibility. You must think carefully what is right, what is best for their souls. You need'—these are his exact words—'so much thought and prayer.'

The Find-the-Place Almanac.

TEXTS IN DEUTERONOMY.

June 17, Sun.—Thou shalt truly tithe.

June 18, Mon.—The Lord shall greatly bless thee.

June 19, Tues.—Thou shalt open thy hand wide unto thy brother.

June, 20, Wed.—The Lord thy God redeemed thee.

June 21, Thurs.—The Lord thy God shall bless thee in all that thou doest.

June 22, Fri.—Obey the voice of the Lord thy God.

June 23, Sat.—Thou shalt give unto the Lord thy God according as the Lord thy God has blessed thee.

Indian Famine Fund.

The following is copied from the 'Weekly Witness.' of May 29:—

INDIAN FAMINE FUND.

Undesignated—		
Previously acknowledged	$227.26	
W. H. Nowers	5.00	
Postmaster White's Station	1.00	
Let Brotherly Love Continue	1.00	
Mrs. A. Lebrun	2.00	
Geo. Hague	25.00	
F. A. Chamberlain	.50	
Anonymous, Dunkin, Que.	1.00	
A. L. D.	19.00	
J. N. McKim	10.00	
W. W. Ross	1.00	
Mary H. A. Blakeney	.50	
Martha Blakeney	1.00	
Ford Campbell	1.00	
Kate, Tom, Isabel, Henry and Aida C. N.	.79	
X.	2.00	
Mrs. Wm. Johnston	5.00	
A Subscriber, Williamsville	5.00	
Athens Methodist Church, per Rev. E. W. Crane	1.00	
R.S.F., Coaticook, Que.	7.50	
Collection at Union Missionary Meeting, Barnston	5.00	
Wm. McFadyen	4.25	
Junior Endeavorers of Westmount Methodist Church	1.00	
A. A. Henry	3.00	
Mrs. A. A. Henry	2.00	
Miss Carrie Henry	.50	
T. N. Nelson	1.00	
Golden Rule Circle of King's Daughters and Sons of St. Andrew's Church, Thamesford	2.00	
Duncan Campbell	10.00	
Robert J. Quick	3.00	
Collection Roebuck Sunday-school	3.00	
H.B.F.	3.00	
Francis Bole	.50	
Three Rivers Christian Endeavor	1.00	
I.O.G.T. Silver Star Lodge, No. 148, of St. Sylvestre and Wilson's Mills, Que.	15.00	
Union S. S. East Branch Kent Co.	6.00	
Roxton Pond French Baptist Sunday-school, infant's class	5.00	
Jas. Arthur	3.00	
A Friend, Prov.	2.00	
A Sympathizer with the distressed	2.00	
	5.00	
Collected by Teacher, Port Joli—		
Ralph Gardiner, Brooklyn, Queen's	.25	
D. McAdams, Port Joli, Queen's.	.10	
Jos. McAdams, " "	.10	
Cora Douglas, " "	.10	
Cecil Douglas " "	.10	
Hilda Vogler " "	.10	
Russell Vogler " "	.10	
Nellie McDonald " "	.10	
Jennie R. MacDonald " "	.10	
Henderson McDonald "	.25	
Bessie Gardiner, Port Motoun.	.10	
Edgar Burgess, Port Joli	.25	
Percy Leslie, Port Motoun	.10	
Franklin McDonald, Port Joli.	.10	
Edmund Vogler, Port Joli	.10	
Henry Hanson, Port Joli	.10	
		2.05
Collected at Aultsville, Ont.—		
J. A. Fraser and family	3.00	
C. S. Ault	1.00	
S. T. Loucks	1.00	
Mrs. C. Hanes, sr.	1.00	
E. D. Ault	1.00	
J. S. Baker and family	1.50	
Mr. and Mrs. Beach	1.00	
Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Mankell.	.75	
Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Hanes	.75	
Mrs. M. M. Cook	.50	
Arthur Alexander	.50	
Mrs. A. S. Baker	.50	
Rev. J. B. Hicks	.50	
Mrs. and Ira Empey	.50	
A. E. and Jack Fetterley	.50	
Mrs. John Cook	.25	
J. A. Macpherson	.25	
Mrs. A. Summers	.25	
J. Sheets	.25	
F. J. Mankell	.25	
Mrs. McClarey	.25	
Dr. Fadden	.25	
Miss Mantha Raney	.25	
Mrs. Vance	.25	
Miss Minnie Baker	.25	
Mrs. S. Dafoe	.25	
Mrs. N. R. Stewart	.25	
Mrs. I. J. Cramer	.25	
Small	.95	
	$18.20	
Less cost remittance	.14	
		18.06
Sent by Miss Jessie McWilliam, Holliday, Ont.—		
A Friend	$1.00	
A Friend	$1.00	
J. P. S. McKenzie	.05	
C. A. McDonald	.10	
A. M. Mooney	.25	
J. A. McKay	.25	
L. A. Towle	.10	
H. S. McKay	.25	
G. E. McKay	.25	
C. J. McKay	.25	
J. A. McDonald	.05	
S. McDonald	.01	
M. E. McCaul	.10	
I. McCaul	.05	
S. J. McCaul	.10	
G. E. McCaul	.10	
L. S. Woolcock	.10	
J. M. McArthur	.15	
N. R. McArthur	.10	
J. M. McDonald	10	
G. O. McDonald	10	
B. McDonald	.05	
J. M. McClure	.25	
		4.76
Collected by Kenneth McIntosh, Rockburn, Que.—		
Mrs. McIntosh	.50	
Richard McIntosh	.25	
Kenneth McIntosh	.25	
E. Sever	.50	
M. A. Monk	.40	
A. McLaren	1.00	
Mrs. R. Simpson	.50	
A. G. Knowles	.25	
Mrs. Wm. Steele	1.00	
Mrs. George Goldie	.35	
Roy Blair	.20	
		5.10
Sent by Mrs. W. Flaws, Fleming, N.W.T.—		
W. J. Dimmick	.50	
D. D. Ellis	.50	
Geo. J. Jupp	.50	
R. Chappell	.50	
B. B. Gilbart	2.00	
W. H. Anderson	.50	
Mrs. Beynon	.50	
M. McPhee	.25	
D. S. C.	.25	
J. Johnston	.25	
Mrs. John Day	.25	
Myrtle Flaws	1.00	
Ella Flaws	1.00	
Hilda E. Flaws	1.00	
		9.00
Collected by G. Hershey and Jacob Shisler, of Bertie, Welland County, Ont.:		
Jacob Shisler	$1.00	
John Hershey	1.00	
George Hershey	1.00	
Ernest Cruikshank	1.00	
M. E. Moffat	1.00	
James McClive	1.00	
H. E. Miller	1.00	
Edmond Miller	1.00	
Philip Dannahouer	.50	
P. E. A. Miller	.50	
J. Howe	1.00	
John Kennedy	.50	
Miss Anguish	.50	
Albert Shisler	.50	
Frank Rotter	.50	
J. Goulding	.50	
Mrs. W. Spear	.25	
Mr. Whoel	.25	
W. L. Spedding	.25	
E. Spedding	.25	
Peter E. Miller	.25	
John Shotwell	.25	
Benjamin Lee	.25	
Mrs. B. Lee	.25	
Wm. Rohr	.25	
George Cregar	.25	
Thomas Lee	.25	
Joseph Toby	.25	
Theobold Woehl	.25	
George Miller	.25	
Jacob Dennahour	.25	
Mrs. Near	.25	
A Friend	.50	
Mrs. E. K. Miller	.25	
Adam Lichtenberger	.30	
Mrs. A. Neigh	.25	
Charles Miller	.25	
W. Everett	.25	
Mrs. P. E. Miller	.25	
Chester Fretz	.25	
D. N. Plato	.25	
Hedley Benner	.35	
P. E. Benner	.25	
Mrs. W. Shisler	.25	
Richard Spear	.25	
R. C. Spear	.25	
Peter Shisler	.25	
John Phillips	.25	
Mrs. Chudley	.15	
E. Chudley	.15	
James G. Lee	.25	
		21.35
Collected at Dwyer Hill, by Master Carman Guest:		
Mrs. J. S. McRorie	$1.00	
Willie Anderson	.10	
Mrs. J. J. McRorie	.65	
Earl McRae	.50	
Mary J. Guest	.50	
Carman Guest	.25	
Beulah Guest	.25	
Mr. James Trimble	.25	
Mr. Stephen Garland	.50	
Mr. S. H. Guest	.10	
J. N. Garland	.50	
E. Lewis	.25	
Elbert Neelin	.15	
		5.00
		$460.12
Less divided in proportion to designated amounts received as follows:		
To Canadian Presbyterian Mission	$94.21	
To Christian Alliance Mission.	83.70	
To American Board of Missions	20.42	
To Methodist Episcopal Missions	7.63	
To Mr. G. S. Eddy	21.30	
		227.26
		$232.86

INDIAN FAMINE FUND.

Christian Alliance Mission in Gujerat.	
Previously acknowledged	$1,979.71
B.H.	3.00
Baptist Sunday School, Thorncliffe, Ont.	2.00
Fifth year Girls, Lansdowne School.	3.31
Dave Alton	.50
Collected at the Kimberley Public School:	
J. E. Hammond	.50
Sadie Fawcett	.25
Ethel Scott	.50
Robert Abercrombie	.05
Mrs. James Laidlaw	.25
Maude Fawcett	.15
Ellie, Reta and Tena Knott	.25
Eula Scott	.25
Alonzo Snell	.25
Willard Gilbert	.25
G. H. Walter	.25
M. R. Hammond	.25
Annie Hill	.25
	3.45
Part of undesignated amounts	83.70
Total	$2,075.67

BOYS AND GIRLS

Black Rock.

(A tale of the Selkirks, by Ralph Connor.)

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

The summer found me religiously doing Paris and Vienna, gaining a more perfect acquaintance with the extent and variety of my own ignorance, and so fully occupied in this interesting and wholesome occupation that I fell out with all my correspondents, with the result of weeks of silence between us.

Two letters among the heap waiting on my table in London made my heart beat quick, but with how different feelings: one from Graeme telling me that Craig had been very ill, and that he was to take him home as soon as he could be moved. Mrs. Mavor's letter told me of the death of the old lady, who had been her care for the past two years, and of her intention to spend some months in her old home in Edinburgh. And this letter it is that accounts for my presence in a miserable, dingy, dirty little hall running off a close in the historic Cowgate, redolent of the glories of the splendid past, and of the various odors of the evil-smelling present. I was there to hear Mrs. Mavor sing to the crowd of gamins that thronged the closes in the neighborhood, and that had been gathered into a club by 'a fine leddie frae the West End,' for the love of Christ and his lost. This was an 'At Home' night, and the mothers and fathers, sisters and brothers, of all ages and sizes were present. Of all the sad faces I had ever seen, those mothers carried the saddest and most woe-stricken. 'Heaven pity us!' I found myself saying; 'is this the beautiful, the cultured, the heaven-exalted city of Edinburgh? Will it not, for this, be cast down into hell some day, if it repent not of the utter weariness, the dazed hopelessness of the ghastly faces! Do not the kindly, gentle church-going folks of the crescents and the gardens see them in their dreams, or are their dreams too heavenly for these ghastly faces to appear?'

I cannot recall the programme of the evening, but in my memory-gallery is a vivid picture of that face, sweet, sad, beautiful, alight with the deep glow of her eyes, as she stood and sang to that dingy crowd. As I sat upon the window-ledge listening to the voice with its flowing song, my thoughts were far away, and I was looking down once more upon the eager, coal-grimed faces in the rude little church in Black Rock. I was brought back to find myself swallowing hard by an audible whisper from a wee lassie to her mother—

'Mither! See till yon man. He's greetin'.'

When I came to myself she was singing 'The Land o' the Leal,' the Scotch 'Jerusalem the Golden,' immortal, perfect. It needed experience of the hunger-haunted Cowgate closes, chill with the black mist of an eastern haar, to feel the full bliss of the vision in the words—

'There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's neither cauld nor care, Jean,
The day is aye fair in
The Land o' the Leal.'

A land of fair, warm days, untouched by sorrow and care, would be heaven indeed to the dwellers of the Cowgate.

The rest of that evening is hazy enough to me now, till I find myself opposite Mrs. Mavor at her fire, reading Graeme's letter; then all is vivid again.

I could not keep the truth from her. I knew it would be folly to try. So I read straight on till I came to the words—

'He has had mountain fever, whatever that may be, and he will not pull up again. If I can, I shall take him home to my mother'—when she suddenly stretched out her hand, saying, 'Oh, let me read!' and I gave her the letter. In a minute she had read it, and began almost breathlessly—

'Listen! my life is much changed. My mother-in-law is gone; she needs me no longer. My solicitor tells me, too, that owing to unfortunate investments there is need of money, so great need, that it is possible that either the estates or the works must go. My cousin has his all in the works—iron works, you know. It would be wrong to have him suffer. I shall give up the estates—that is best.' She paused.

'And come with me,' I cried.

'When do you sail?'

'Next week,' I answered eagerly.

She looked at me a few moments, and into her eyes there came a light soft and tender, as she said—

'I shall go with you.'

And so she did; and no old Roman in all the glory of a Triumph carried a prouder heart than I, as I bore her and her little one from the train to Graeme's carriage, crying—

'I've got her.'

But his was the better sense, for he stood waving his hat and shouting—

'He's all right,' at which Mrs. Mavor grew white; but when she shook hands with him, the red was in her cheek again.

'It was the cable did it,' went on Graeme. 'Connor's a great doctor! His first case will make him famous. Good prescription—after mountain fever try a cablegram!' And the red grew deeper in the beautiful face beside us.

Never did the country look so lovely. The woods were in their gayest autumn dress; the brown fields were bathed in a purple haze; the air was sweet and fresh with a suspicion of the coming frosts of winter. But in spite of all the road seemed long, and it was as if hours had gone before our eyes fell upon the white manse standing among the golden leaves.

'Let them go,' I cried, as Graeme paused to take in the view, and down the sloping dusty road we flew on the dead run.

'Reminds one a little of Abe's curves,' said Graeme, as we drew up at the gate. But I answered him not, for I was introducing to each other the two best women in the world. As I was about to rush into the house, Graeme seized me by the collar, saying—

'Hold on, Connor! you forget your place, you're next.'

'Why, certainly,' I cried thankfully enough; 'what an ass I am!'

'Quite true,' said Graeme solemnly.

'Where is he?' I asked.

'At this present moment?' he asked, in a shocked voice. 'Why, Connor, you surprise me.'

'Oh, I see!'

'Yes,' he went on gravely; 'you may trust my mother to be discreetly attending to her domestic duties; she is a great woman, my mother.'

I had no doubt of it, for at that moment she came out to us with little Marjorie in her arms.

'You have shown Mrs. Mavor to her room, mother, I hope,' said Graeme; but she only smiled and said—

'Run away with your horses, you silly boy,' at which he solemnly shook his head.

'Ah, mother, you are deep—who would have thought it of you?'

That evening the manse overflowed with joy, and the days that followed were like dreams set to sweet music.

But for sheer wild delight, nothing in my memory can quite come up to the demonstration organized by Graeme, with assistance from Nixon, Shaw, Sandy, Abe, Geordie, and Baptiste, in honor of the arrival in camp of Mr. and Mrs. Craig. And, in my opinion, it added something to the occasion, that after all the cheers for Mr. and Mrs. Craig had died away, and after all the hats had come down, Baptiste, who had never taken his eyes from that radiant face, should suddenly have swept the crowd into a perfect storm of cheers by excitedly seizing his tuque, and calling out in his shrill voice—

'By gar! Three cheer for Mrs. Mavor.'

And for many a day the men of Black Rock would easily fall into the old and well-loved name; but up and down the line of construction, in all the camps beyond the Great Divide, the new name became as dear as the old had ever been in Black Rock.

Those old wild days are long since gone into the dim distance of the past. They will not come again, for we have fallen into quiet times; but often in my quietest hours I feel my heart pause in its beat to hear again that strong, clear voice, like the sound of a trumpet, bidding us to be men; and I think of them all—Graeme, their chief, Sandy, Baptiste, Geordie, Abe, the Campbells, Nixon, Shaw, all stronger, better for their knowing of him, and then I think of Billy asleep under the pines, and of old man Nelson with the long grass waving over him in the quiet churchyard, and all my nonsense leaves me, and I bless the Lord for all his benefits, but chiefly for the day I met the missionary of Black Rock in the lumber-camp among the Selkirks.

THE END.

Take a Lesson from the Ivy.

The ivy in a dungeon grew,
Unfed by rain, uncheered by dew;
Its pallid leaflets only drank
Cave moistures foul, or odors dank.

But through the dungeon grating high
There fell a sunbeam from the sky,
It slept upon the grateful floor
In silent gladness evermore.

The ivy felt a tremor shoot
Through all its fibres to the root,
It felt the light, it saw the ray,
It longed to blossom into day.

It grew, it crept, it pushed, it clomb,
Long had the darkness been its home;
For well it knew, though veiled in night,
The goodness and the joy of light.

It reached the beam, it thrilled, it curled,
It blessed the warmth that cheers the world;
It grew toward the dungeon bars,
It looked upon the moon and stars.

Upon that solitary place
Its verdure threw adorning grace,
The mating birds became its guests,
And sang its praises from their nests.

By rains and dews and sunshine fed,
Upon the outer world it spread,
And in the day-beam rolling free,
It grew into a stately tree.

Wouldst know the moral of this rhyme?
Behold the heavenly light and climb.
To every dungeon comes a ray
Of God's illimitable day.

—Charles Mackay.

Only One Sin.

(By the Rev. George Everard, M.A.)

Here is a valuable mirror standing not far from the entrance of a shop in the city. For a bit of mischief a lad passing takes up a stone and aims it at the mirror and shatters it. Only one stone and the mirror is broken and spoilt. Only one stone, but the lad is responsible for the cost of the mirror as much as if he had cast a hundred.

Now what is God's holy law? It is a perfect, glorious mirror, reflecting the holiness, the love, the righteousness of Jehovah. And the man who commits one sin in thought, word or deed, in doing what he is forbidden to do, or in leaving undone what he is commanded to do—such a one breaks God's law, and that law condemns him to death.

It is well to see this clearly. Men often excuse themselves on the plea that others have done worse than themselves; that others have committed far more sin, or greater sin than they have, and, therefore, they hope that they may escape. But all such pleas are in vain. Unless a man can prove that he has never once sinned, that he has never once broken one of God's commandments, he cannot stand. Hence it is that every man who hopes to be saved must take the place of a sinner, and as such seek salvation. 'There is no distinction; for all have sinned, and fall short of the glory of God.' — 'British Messenger.'

ONLY ONE SIN.

The Price of a Boy.

(Constance Conrad.)

You have all heard that 'Every man has his price.' It is a hard saying, meaning to give the impression that there is no man so honest but that a sum of money or a reward, if it is only made large enough, can be found to buy his honesty. That the world has a whole army of men too honest to be bought at any price, we feel sure, but anything that can be said, truthfully, in a large way of many men, can always be said, truthfully, in a small way of many boys.

And, boys, it's not only a question of whether you can be bought, but also how much it takes to buy you. Honesty is a very precious thing, something so rare that when it is once sold, it can never be recovered. No price can be high enough for which to part with honesty; yet I have known boys to sell this precious thing for a lead pencil, or a stamped envelope, or three cents wrong change, or even a counterfeit five-cent piece. This is a great time for bargains, but I have never known anything so large, or valuable, offered for so small a price, as the honesty of some boys.

Probably there are few boys who have gone out from homes, where everything has been more or less their own, into the stores, or offices, of strangers, who have not been tempted more than once to take what did not belong to them. Where they have been accustomed to see one article of a kind, and that with its own particular use, they are now surrounded, daily, with great quantities, seemingly uncounted, and the accustomed abundance lessens the value in their eyes.

The boy who would not touch his employer's money, at least not at first, will often take some small article, with the thought that it will never be missed. Perhaps it will not be missed, but you will miss something from the day you take the smallest thing that is not your own. You will miss that nice sense of honesty, that manly right to hold yourself even with the best, the clear conscience that enables you to look straight into the eyes about you. Your employer's loss is nothing compared to yours.

The stationery in stores and offices is a temptation to many boys. In some places it is free to the clerks, but not in all. The boy says, 'I don't want much, but it saves me buying to use this, and Mr. A. will not care.' Perhaps not. If you are sure of it, you will not mind asking; and the pennies you have saved, what are they to what you have sold, sold past all possibility of repurchasing?

Some years ago a boy was engaged in a large factory where lead pencils were manufactured. The regular arrangements of the factory turned out so many finished pencils from one department a day, so many packages from another, and so many boxes from a third. It was all done so systematically that nothing remained unfinished or in half-sets at night. The new boy had never seen such a wealth of lead pencils before, and out of the unnumbered hundreds, as he supposed, he took one and put it in his pocket. At night there was a box with one pencil missing. It was easily traced to his department, and then to him, and he was discharged, not because the factory could not afford to lose one lead pencil, but because the proprietors could not afford to keep a dishonest boy. A boy who held his honesty no higher in price than a lead pencil would surely be tempted by something greater.—N. Y. Observer.'

Mattie and Mose.

(By Nettie B. Fernald, in 'Union Signal.')

'I wish the minister had found a good place for those children. Seems to me there are plenty of people in Carlisle that could open their homes besides me. But he kept looking so hard over my way, and said there were only two children unprovided for. Of course, I can't take them here.'

'Why couldn't we have them, Matilda?'

'What! two wild urchins from Blind Alley, whose mother is dead, and who are probably noisy and ill-behaved. Why, it would drive me crazy, let alone what it would do to you, mother.'

'Well, Matilda, I think I could stand it for two weeks, considering the good it would do to those poor little waifs. The minister was telling me all about them, and I was thinking it would be a good use of the spare room. We have plenty to eat, more than we know what to do with. They wouldn't hurt me.'

'Nobody would if they knew it, mother, but I don't see how it is to be managed.'

But it was brought about, and two weeks later the new trolley cars brought Mattie and Mose to spend two long weeks with Miss Matilda Jennings. Mattie was a slight little body, and no one would have guessed that she was twelve years old by her height, but looking into her face you would have said that she was sixteen. Mattie had grown old since her mother had left them and gone to heaven, a year ago, to take her first rest in many years, and the burden had fallen on Mattie's shoulders. Bravely had the little mother borne all until an accident which nearly cost her her life.

She had left Mose in charge of Baby Tommie, two years old, and Sophy, three and a half, while she ran across the street to get some bread. Mose found three crusts in the pantry, and thought he would surprise Mattie by making some nice toast. He opened the door of the stove, but, as he did so, the hot coals fell on to the floor, and began to burn, and baby was too near. The little dress caught the flame, and as Mattie opened the door there was a blaze and cry. With quick presence of mind, she snatched

the old carpet at the door and threw it about the little one, kneeling over the hot coals as she did so, and not seeing that her own dress was in danger. As she uncovered the unhurt baby her own dress became ablaze. Seizing the old carpet, she tried to wrap it round her, but the sleeves had caught from the dress, and the scant covering would not reach to them. Before she could control the fire her arms and face were badly burned.

It was weeks before the suffering was over, and the little mother had endured long days and nights at the city hospital. Kind Mrs. McGlinn had helped about baby, and the father had done better for awhile. There were times when he was sober for days, then the old appetite would get the better of him. He loved his little Mattie with a real devotion, but it could not keep him from drink. When Mattie was well enough to go home, she found her strength unequal to the work.

Mrs. McGlinn had told the missionary on her last trip about the child, and begged that she be allowed to go into the country with the first fresh-air children. She had been described as badly scarred. So she was, and it made her timid among strangers, for she had seen the long red marks about her cheeks. She had cried over it, and knew that strangers would not want to see her.

'I will have to be very, very good, if anybody ever likes me, Mose,' she had said, as they sat together in the car bound for the country.

'Oh, you are very, very good now, Mattie, You couldn't be any better if you tried,' said admiring Mose. 'Don't try. I'd rather be you and be as good, than to be me and no better'n I am.'

This he meant as great comfort, and the little mother tried to brighten up.

It was a wonderful world they were going into—fields stretching on and on, covered with ripening grain and a few with live daisies, with no houses to block the sight. Mattie forgot the scars. Everything was forgotten but the happiness of the present. It was with a sigh that she heard the word 'Carlisle.' She knew that she must meet people, and she wanted only to see the green fields and beautiful sunshine. She had always lived in the city—always in that one alley—but her mother had told her of farms and orchards and gardens, and she had pictured to herself how they must look. But no picture of her wildest imaginings was like the picture she saw that early July day.

'O Mose, isn't it wonderful? Why don't folks in the city come out here to live?'

'I don't know.' Mose always answered in this way when he couldn't give a reason.

'Well, I suppose they can't move out of where they are. We couldn't, could we?'

'I don't know.'

'Of course, dearie, you don't. Now, we must get off with all the rest and be "signed," she said. 'Keep close to me and I will look after you.'

'Mattie and Mose will go to this kind lady,' called out Miss Perkins.

'Oh, dearie me,' Mattie sighed, but only walked bravely over, while her face grew scarlet as she saw Miss Matilda's turn darker at sight of her two charges. All the beauty was gone from fields and sunshine, and Mattie wanted only to be back taking care of Tommy. Miss Matilda recovered herself quickly, shook hands with both, and took them across the field by the short way to the large farmhouse.

The white-haired, lovely-faced mother stood in the door as they came up, and with arms extended took Mattie and pressed her close to herself. The rapture came back with that loving embrace, and all heaven was hers in her fullness of joy at finding a friend. Her heart was so hungry for loving sympathy, her slight frame so tired, that the tears came hot and fast, until the dear old mother drew her to a chair and sat down beside her, while Aunt Matilda went for some bread and milk in her practical way.

'And I may wait on you, and read to you, and make you comfortable? Oh, that will be the happiest thing in the world to do!' Mattie said next day. And she became at once 'Grandma's Helper,' never missing the smallest service of love. The mother's eyes were not as clear as once, and, as Mattie had been taught to read by her mother, these two became boon companions, and the two weeks were fast slipping away.

But how about Aunt Matilda and Mose? He had attached himself to her, and followed her everywhere. At first she said, 'I never can stand it having the child marching round in his stupid way everywhere I go. It's a good thing he doesn't talk much, else I couldn't stand it anyway.'

But Mose was doing a deal of thinking, and he noticed every movement of his hostess. He found that it took her a long time to bring the milk in alone, and he could save her steps by carrying the smaller pails; that he could run down cellar for the butter, to the garden for the vegetables, and to the wood-house for wood. Some days the little legs grew tired enough, but he was always happy if he could help. Miss Matilda became strangely attached to this little shadow.

'What do you s'pose she said to me, Mose?' Mattie asked one day.

'I don't know.'

'Well,' she said, 'your brother, Mose, will make a first-class worker, if he keeps on. He keeps his eyes open and his mouth shut and his hands busy and his feet going, and that makes a successful farmer, if he keeps at it." Wasn't I proud of you, though?"

'I don't know, but I 's'pose so,' was all Mose said, but he thought a good deal more and kept on doing the things that pleased Miss Matilda, There were times when she eyed the children sharply, then turned away with a sigh, as if painful memories were wakened. The last day but one had come. The two weeks had been lengthened to four by request of Miss Matilda, 'for mother's sake.'

'Mother, I'm going into the city to-day, and must leave you in charge of Mattie and Mose. They will take good care of you, and I must be off on a little matter of business.'

The mother looked surprised, but asked no questions, and was left in charge of the young housekeepers. Aunt Matilda had been making discoveries in the four weeks, and the time had come when her better self had triumphed. She was going to redeem the heartlessness and selfishness of the years past, if possible. When once her mind was made up the trolley and the train and her own feet could not carry her fast enough to execute her plans. A letter had come a week ago from the father of her fresh-air children, and it had been given to her to read. It was this:

'My Dear Children,—I am glad you are having such a good time. Last night I went to a great meeting. There was fine singing and speaking, and men were signing the pledge and giving their hearts to Christ. I prayed for help, and God gave it to me. Your mother's prayers are answered. I am trusting Christ. I will see you soon. Good-by. Your loving papa,

'HENRY B. VOGEL.'

It was not a long letter, but it decided Aunt Matilda. By means of the address on the letter she found the alley and the rooms. When the door opened and she stood face to face with the father, all her set phrases left her. She simply said, 'Henry,' and he, 'Why, Miss Matilda!'

But words came as she tried to explain her plans. 'I want you to come back to the old farm and live in the home where you and Cousin Mary loved each other. I have felt sorry enough that I could not have understood how much you were to each other, and have had a nice little wedding at our house and have had you stay. Oh, I've been very sorry over and over, Henry, and my life has grown hard under it and mother has missed Mary. Will you forgive me?'

The hand stretched out was quickly grasped. 'Miss Matilda, I was to blame. We might have waited and you would have consented. I was only your man-of-all-work, though I came from a good German family who had been well off in Germany, and I had a good education, as far as the country schools could give me—but I loved Mary so!' Here the voice broke and he paused, then said, 'I ought never have brought your cousin to this large city; but I felt sure of work. I had always farmed, and knew nothing else, and we became very poor and she pined and was sick, and the little ones came and I could not earn a living at odds and ends. I wanted her to write once to you; but she said she couldn't. If I only had found a little country place and been ready with a home for her and kept at the work I knew how to do, all might have been well.'

'Henry, would you like to come back to the old place and take Honeysuckle Lodge, and have charge of the farm?'

He rose to his feet, drew himself to his full height, felt the man coming back into every nerve, and answered, 'Yes, with all my heart, I will go back, and work to my utmost, and give my children what Mary pined so for,'

At five o'clock, little Mose startled the quiet house by such a shout as never was heard there before. 'Hello! There's Papa, and Sophy, and Tommie and Aunt Matilda!' Off he scampered across the field followed by Mattie and dazed grandmamma.

It was true. Honeysuckle Lodge was to be all fitted up for the Vogels. Aunt Matilda, for she would not be called anything else, was going into the city the very next day to get what was needed for furnishing, and Henry Vogel was to be in his element as head man on Willowbrook farm. There would be plenty to do, for the place had not been kept as it was fifteen years ago. When the trolley went through to the beach, it cut through one corner of the farm, and the piece beyond had been sold for a handsome sum. Aunt Matilda was a rich woman, and only needed these little folks to help her use her reserve of love and money.

It was a happy gathering at the supper table that night. The best cloth was spread and the best dishes brought out; fresh flowers were gathered by the joyous children, and when the blessing was asked by the aged mother, there were tears of joy for the lifting of the cloud from two homes by the fresh-air work of love that summer.

Joseph Cook says that 'the road to political preferment runs through the gin-mill,' and the voting church appears to have deliberately elected to travel that road in peace rather than run the risk of temporary defeat by making a heroic effort to remove the gin-mill from its path.

Bill.

(By Ella Bartlett Simmons.)

'And so Willie is going west, is he, Mrs. Walters?'

'Yes, he leaves for Colorado next Tuesday.'

'Are you not sorry to have him go so far away?'

'Sorry! Yes, indeed, my heart is breaking at the thought, and did I not think that that climate would greatly benefit his health, I never could consent to his going to that wild, western country.'

'He has been so carefully reared that you need have no fear of him.'

'He is a good boy, and yet, the life there will be so different I cannot help worrying at times.'

The week has passed; the hour of parting is at hand.

MOTHER AND SON ARE ALONE TOGETHER.

'Mother, mother, do not grieve so; I will get well soon and return to you again,' said Willie.

Mrs. Walters threw her arms around his neck and moaned. Then said brokenly, 'But I shall miss you so, I shall miss you so. You are my only son, doubly dear to me since your father died, and, dear boy, that western land will be new and strange. You will be lonely there, many a time, and miss the influence of home. Temptations will surround you on every hand; there is much of sin in various forms in these new places. Can I trust you?'

'Trust me? Why, mother, of course, you can. Have I ever been guilty of a mean act?'

'No, no, my darling boy, but all will be so different. It will be harder to be true, noble, pure and good out there than it is here with all the helpful influences around you. Never forget that your mother is praying for you. The little testament that your father gave you on his death bed, you will see the first thing upon opening your trunk. Read a few verses each day. And, now, good-bye. May God bless and keep you!' Then she added softly, 'I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.'

The manly tears streamed down Willie's cheek as he imprinted a lingering kiss upon his mother lips. Then with a 'Never fear for me, mother; I'll not forget your teaching,' he was off.

ONE YEAR LATER.

'Come on, Bill, we're goin' to have a lark to-day. Go 'long with us and we will show you where to spend your Sundays profitably. You're too much of a tenderfoot entirely.'

'No, boys, I am bad enough during the week, but will keep up an appearance of respectability on Sunday, at least.'

A coarse laugh followed this remark. 'Hear him! hear him!' exclaimed the leader. 'That's the way we used to talk when we had been here but a few months. Wasn't it, pards? But you'll get over all such nonsense, sonny. Nobody out here cares a cent whether you go to the devil or not; each fellow for himself is the rule in these mining camps. You might as well decide to come along and have some fun with us to-day. We'll be away next Sunday, then you can go to church all day. Young fellows like us must have some recreation and see the sights. If you don't come we will call you "Willie Darlin'."' He went with the boys.

There are young men who, though on the downward road, appear to move along very moderately; others go as on a toboggan slide.

'Bill' took this latter course. Acting all the while as though he were afraid to stop or even move slowly lest he might have time to realize how far adown he had already travelled.

FIVE YEARS LATER.

'Hello, Bill, where are you bound to?'

'I had no definite place in view; I was merely "hoofing it" because I knew not what else to do.'

'Well, come on, then, and go up to Bob's saloon; I was going there to see you. But how comes it that you are off duty to-night?'

'I have been bounced, Jim.'

'Bounced? Why, man alive, you were the most popular bar-tender in Colorado; for with all your meanness you always had the air of a gentleman. Wh'ave you been up to, anyway?'

'Do not ask me. I will only say I deserved to be discharged, but what to do now is the question, for I have not one cent, although I have been earning one hundred dollars a month for the past year.'

'Oh, well, don't worry. Come down to ——— with me. I'll get you a job. Cowboy life will just suit you for a while.

'Thanks, I will go with you at once.'

Arriving at ——— they found it was necessary for them to go out on the range for a week; hence the next day began looking around for a place of amusement for the evening.

'What's on for to-night?' he asked of the boys in the barber shop.

'Oh, we're all doing the pious act and going to church this week. There's a big gun at the ——— Church, and 'tis a change to attend a revival. So we all go just for the fun of the thing, you know.'

TIME—EVENING. PLACE—CHURCH.

A noise outside. A group of cowboys enters. The minister halts a moment, then continues: 'Wherefore do you spend your money for that which is not bread and your labor for that which satisfies not?'

Like lightning's flash did memory transport Willie to his boyhood's home. Once more was he sitting in church beside his mother. He bowed his head and wept like a child. Again he could hear his mother's words, 'Can I trust you?' and his self-confident reply, 'Of course, you can, mother, dear.' His mind's eye sees her looking anxiously each day for a letter from her prodigal son, but in vain. He had been ashamed to write—

Listen; the audience is singing a hymn.

'Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling,
Calling for you and for me.
See, o'er the portals He's waiting and watching,
Watching for you and for me.
Come home, ye who are weary come home,
come home;
Earnestly, tenderly, Jesus is calling, calling,
"Oh, sinner, come home."'

When church was dismissed he went out and to the saloon with the others, but drank little and said less. Reaching the cabin, he electrified his friend by saying, 'I am going forward to the altar to-morrow night, if I live to get there.'

Long and earnestly these two 'toughs' talked there together. The result was, when the invitation was given the next eve, they were the first to go to the altar and ere the meeting closed both were soundly converted.

Upon arriving at his stopping place after the meeting Willie immediately began a letter to his mother, which was not finished until the sun's rays were gilding the mountain peaks.

WASHINGTON, D.C.

'Was that the postman's ring, Marie? Hasten and see if there be any mail, I have thought so much lately of Willie, I believe we will hear from him soon. I have hoped and prayed so long for some word from him.'

'A letter from Colorado,' you say. 'Open it, Marie. My hands tremble so; look and see who has written it.'

'It is signed, "Your own penitent Willie."'

'Father, I thank thee,' said Mrs. Walters, then fell into a dead faint. But joy does not kill. She soon recovered to read the long-expected letter.

The next day a white-winged messenger started on its way to the prodigal. In it the mother said: 'I slept soundly last night for the first time since you left. May you never know the hours of anguish your long silence has caused me. But all that has passed now. God has answered my prayer, "after many days." Come home, my boy, we need each other.'

THE LETTER ENDED.

'Praise God from whom all blessings flow; for this my son was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found. Blessed be the name of the Lord!'—'National Temperance Advocate.'

A Fourth Commandment Bicycle.

One Sunday afternoon Lidie Morgan was sitting on the front porch reading one of her favorite books, and happening to glance up as she turned a leaf, an object down on the river road caught her eye. The object appeared to surprise her greatly. She sprang to the edge of the porch, gazing intently as though she could hardly believe her own eyes, then going to the sitting-room window, she exclaimed in suppressed, but excited tones:

'Mother, mother!' something must be the matter over at the Robinson's. Kate has just gone spinning along the river road on her bicycle. Somebody must be very sick, and she's gone to the village for the doctor!'

'You don't say!' ejaculated Mrs. Morgan, rising hastily from the lounge, and smoothing her hair with her hands. 'Mebbe Tishy is taken with one of her bad spells, or mebbe Mr. Robinson. But, after all, child, Kate may jest be takin' a ride.'

'Oh, mother,' said Lidie, reproachfully, 'you know she wouldn't for anything ride for pleasure on Sunday. She's had that wheel for two years, and it's never yet been outside the house on Sundays. She's firmly opposed to Sunday riding.'

'That's so,' Mrs. Morgan responded, 'I remember she wouldn't even go out with that California cousin she's so fond of, when he was here only two days, and one of them was Sunday. There certainly must be something the matter. We'd better run over and see if we can be of any help. You tell father we're going while I see if there isn't a bottle of something we'd better take along.'

They put on their sunbonnets and took the short cut across the fields.

Arriving at the Robinson farmhouse they found that help was sadly needed. Mrs. Robinson was lying pale and limp on the sitting-room lounge, the blood flowing from a cut on her head. Her husband, almost as pale as she, and trembling in every limb, was vainly trying to staunch the flow

of blood, while the invalid, Miss Tishy, was lying on the floor in a dead faint.

'What on earth's the matter?' cried Mrs. Morgan.

'Thank God you've come!' was Mr. Robinson's fervent exclamation.

Then he hastily explained that his wife had fallen down the cellar stairs, and, he feared, was badly injured. Kate had gone for the doctor, saying she could go on her wheel in less time than her father could get a horse in from the pasture and harness him. She had previously bound up the cut on her mother's head, but the restless movements of the sufferer had displaced the bandage, and he could not seem to get it arranged again. Tishy had fainted at the sight of such profuse bleeding, and he could not leave his wife to attend to his sister.

'I'm feared she'll bleed to death before the doctor comes,' he moaned.

'No she won't,' asserted capable Mrs. Morgan. 'Just let me take your place.'

She attended to the wound and made the injured woman as comfortable as possible, while Lidie, with Mr. Robinson's assistance, carried Tishy to another room, and by means of camphor, cold water and rubbing, restored her to consciousness. Then they waited anxiously for the doctor, and were greatly relieved when he and Kate wheeled into the yard.

'We should have been here sooner,' said Kate, 'but doctor was over at the Cross Roads, so I had to go that much further.'

They were all so thankful to learn that Mrs. Robinson was not seriously injured.

'No bones broken, a sprained wrist, shoulder dislocated, and this cut on the head,' the doctor summed up.

When he was through with his ministrations, he sat down for a few moments on the back porch, and it was then he said that it was well the bleeding had been stopped when it was, for any further loss of blood, in addition to the severe pain and nervous shock, would have brought the patient very low, indeed.

'I do believe that if Mrs. Morgan and Lidie hadn't come just when they did, mother would have been beyond recovery, for she hasn't been very strong lately, anyway,' said Kate.

'I think the Lord must have sent them,' declared Mr. Robinson, solemnly, the tears falling down his face.

While the others were occupied with the invalids, Lidie, knowing that everyone would be better of some refreshment after so much excitement and nervousness, had made some tea and sliced a loaf of cake. She stepped out on the porch with her tray as the above remarks were uttered, and immediately responded:

'Well, I'll tell you how the Lord sent us, Mr. Robinson. He caused me to be where I saw Kate going to the village,, and as I was perfectly certain that she would not ride her wheel on Sunday, unless there was some dire necessity for very great haste, mother and I concluded that something dreadful was the matter, and so came right over.'

'So you see, Miss Kate,' said the doctor, 'your well-known Sabbath-keeping proclivities were, perhaps, the means of saving your mother's life.' If you were not so decidedly against Sunday bicycling, your neighbors might have thought that for once you were indulging in a spin, and, consequently, would not have come to your father's assistance.'

'Mine's a Fourth Commandment bicycle,' Kate responded, briefly.

'I can't jest remember chapters and verses when I want to,' said Mr. Robinson, tremulously; 'but I know that in mor'n one place the Bible says, 'There is great reward in keeping the commandments of the Lord.'—Emma L. Burnett, in American Paper.

The Barbary Sheep.

A word about these queer creatures, the Barbary sheep. They are found wild in Africa on the southern slopes of the Atlas. The rams are some three feet high, with massive horns, a thick neck-mane, and a heavy fringe of hair on the fore-limbs. The females are somewhat smaller, with shorter mane and fringe, but carry nearly as large horns as their lords.

Mr. E. N. Buxton, probably the first Englishman who stalked these animals, says: 'I hunted for twenty-three days, being nearly always out from before sunrise till after

sunset, and I got shots at only four during that time. The reason for this is the extraordinary capacity for hiding itself shown by the "Aroui," (the Arab name for this animal), in which it is assisted by its own nearly invisible color, which is pale rufus-yellow, and by the extremely broken character of the rocks.'

There are specimens of Barbary sheep in the Zoological Gardens, and the story goes (possibly it has little truth in it) that a man who had been teasing one of these animals carried home his forefinger in his pocket. The sharp edge of the horn caught it against one of the upright bars of the enclosure, and sheared it off more quickly than the cleverest surgeon could have done. —'Home Words.'

That Crumpled-up Text.

'Take care of it, father, dear,' said Miriam, with a sob, as she turned away from the bed upon which her only brother lay, or, rather, had lain, a few moments before. All was still now, the soft moaning had ceased, he was gone.

As the young man's hand loosened its grasp from all things earthly, a piece of crumpled paper had fallen upon the bedclothes.

The sight of this paper was more than the poor mother could bear, so Alice, the younger of the two sisters, had led her from the room. They hoped she would rest now, for during those ten day of typhoid fever she had rarely left her son's room. Now he had gone!

The father picked up the crumpled paper—warm still—smoothed it out, and saw written upon it, in a good, legible hand:—'If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.'

Then the paper was carefully folded, put into his pocket-book, and there it remained. All the members of the family knew where it was.

Next, came those days in which the bereaved family just lived over again, in thought and memory, the last week, or the last month, as it may be.

It is true that Roger had not seemed quite himself that summer. His father had wondered a little at his unwonted irritability in business matters, and his mother had not liked to see her boy so strangely tired at night.

Still, it was less than a month ago that he had superintended the overhauling of that old house down the lane; for his father was a builder and had lately taken him into partnership. The drains there had been found to be just as bad as they often are in old houses.

It was not a fortnight ago that Roger's home people had persuaded him to go to the doctor for a bottle of medicine, and before giving any prescription, Dr. Ling had peremptorily ordered his patient to bed.

It was less than ten days since that capable trained nurse had come into the house to take control of the sick room.

It was less than a week since Roger, in his conscious moments, had seemed anxious and unhappy.

And then the clergyman of the parish had called. Scarce knowing what they did that sad day, they let him go up to the sick man's room.

Next day Roger caught sight of an anxious expression upon the doctor's face. The fever had yet many days before its course would be run, and the patient was very weak.

It was well that Roger did notice the doctor's face, for, before long, he became unconscious again, and remained so till the end.

'I should like to see Mr. Gower again, mother, dear,' said the sick man that afternoon.

It seemed as though the message had scarcely gone before the good clergyman arrived.

Weak though the patient was, it was nearly an hour before he left that sick room. Important business had to be settled that day, and the nurse knew it. It seemed likely that ere long a precious soul would be summoned to appear before its God and with naught but unrighteousness of its own.

The fatherly pastor drew from the young man the story of his soul's anxiety, the story of his sins, which already began to look so frightful, as the light of God shone upon them. When Roger had finished Mr. Gower repeated slowly the verse: 'If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.'

After moments of silent waiting, the pastor approached the Father in the name of his well-beloved Son—taking with him, by faith, the penitent young man—and then he repeated those words again.

'Sir, will you write that verse out for me before you go?' were Roger's last words to his minister. 'I mean to hold to it through everything.'

Downstairs, the verse was written out—'as for a little child,' in large hand—prayerfully written. Then it was entrusted to Roger's mother to take to her son.

Through moments of delirium the heart clung to the promise, as the hands clung to the written words, until the spirit passed to God its Saviour—forgiven.

And, not too late, the father learnt to cling in life to the truth of that Gospel which his son had only laid hold of on his dying bed.—S. E. A. Johnson, in 'Friendly Greetings.'

LITTLE FOLKS

Charlie's Lesson in Kindness.

(By Jennie Elliott, in 'Union Signal.')

It was half-past one and the stars shone out of a clear, frosty sky down upon the rough country road, jagged and crusted with ice, under which lay puddles of water as cold as the heart of hypocrisy. Charlie Brake dashed up at cyclone speed, and with an earthquake jerk stopped at the barn door, jumped out of the buggy, unhitched the horse, attended indifferently to its needs, and too worn out to exert himself farther, dropped down upon the hay and rolled himself up in a horse-blanket.

A feeble protest was set up by his starved out conscience, but it was soon drowned in the memory of hilarious banter among the chums left in town, and he lay still.

Presently he heard suppressed voices near by.

'Let's do it!' said one. 'He deserves it!' said another. 'He has no heart! He's bad enough to drive one wild.'

'He drove me nearly to death to-night, over such roads, too. I know my feet have been bleeding for miles, and now I am tied to an empty manger.'

The young man raised his head and looked around. Oh, the horses were talking about him. Derby and Lal had their brown heads together, and the way they put their ears back and gnashed their teeth, made him feel decidedly uneasy.

'Let's do it,' repeated Derby. 'Horses could defend themselves if they only knew it. No use of being slaves when the bonds can be broken. I'll paw the life out of the tyrant, and then we shall be abused no more.'

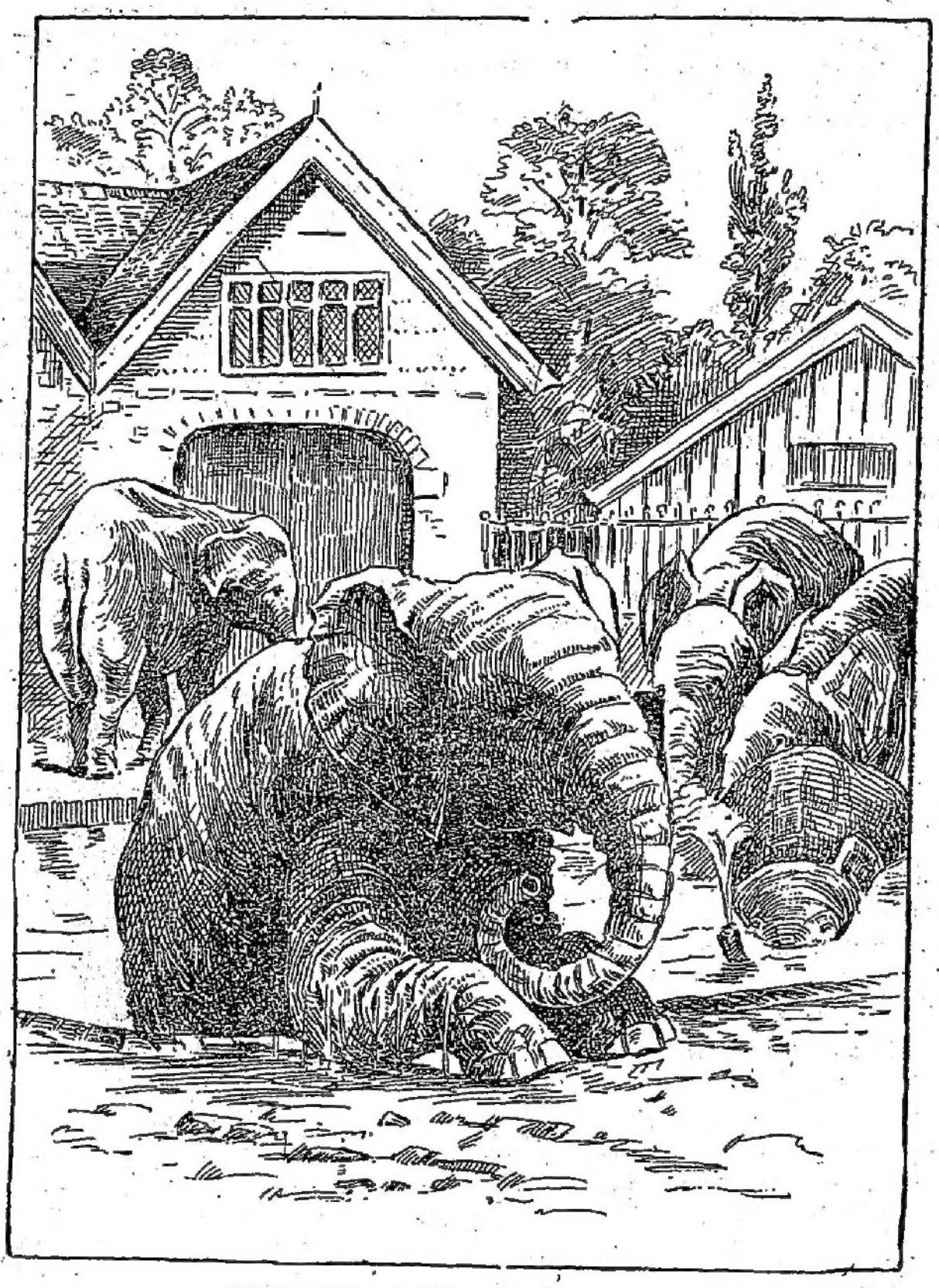
'No, no,' said Lal, 'don't kill anybody. Let's hitch him up and drive him. Put a bit in his mouth and let him see how it is to be jerked! He was a little too tipsy to take the bits from your mouth to-night. But rub off your bridle, Derby, and kick him in the ribs as he does us when we do not hear him open the barn door.'

They pulled him about, backed him up to the buggy with a frosty bit in his mouth that gave him a sore tongue for a week after, hitched him up trembling and scared, and before Lal could interfere, Derby gave him a vicious cut of the whip, making him bound upward and forward, nearly upsetting the buggy. He knew not which way to turn. His head was reined back upon his neck so that he could see nothing but the sky. A sharp jerk and another cut of the lash started him out on the black road at a breakneck pace.

'What do you think of horse sense, now?' said Derby. 'It is my turn now, young man, but I am quite sober, and so would you be if you had a little of the sense of your father's horses.'

'Yes,' said Lal. 'Then I should not be kept out in the rain all day from my poor little colt, while the young man's mother wonders why he does not come home. Get up, young man! Get up!'

Away they flew over hill and rock and broken bridge, hour after hour, mile after mile the buggy some-



SOME BIG BABIES IN THEIR BATH.

Most little boys and girls are fond of their bath, but there are some who do not like it. They scream and kick so that mother or nurse is glad when the bath is over.

These foolish little people might learn a lesson from the elephants at the 'Zoo,' if they could see them at their bathing time. They seem as fond of their bath as ever they can be. They draw the water up into their trunks and squirt it all over their backs, and almost seem to smile as the cool streams trickle down them.

If you are ever naughty at bath time, think of the elephants. You would not like to behave worse than an elephant, would you? —'Our Little Dots.'

times on one wheel, sometimes in midair, the wretched man not daring to slacken his speed, compelled to catch his breath on the wing, now and then a savage blow of the whip and a threatening word from his tormentors in the vehicle. His feet only could tell the nature of the ground over which he skimmed in this mad race, but at times his brain swam and he seemed to be tracing the milky way among the stars of the infinite.

But this terrible drive must end some time. When the dawn began to streak the sky as the jaded man could see by the faint coloring about the zenith, the buggy wheel struck a rock, and everything piled up.

A light glared, a friendly human voice sounded in his ears, saying, 'Come, get up, it's morning.'

He raised his body, so full of aches and pains, every bone must be broken, but Derby and Lal were looking meekly at him from their stalls, and by the light of a lantern in early morn father was removing the bridle from the neglected horse.

DRAWING LESSON VI.

A Partnership.

Danny and Davy were partners. Their stock in trade was a fine lot of sound, sweet hickory-nuts and big, rough butternuts, and they had such fun gathering them! How they pelted the trees in the wood-lot, and what a shower of nuts came rattling down, like the most delightful kind of a hail-storm!

Then they carried them home in bags, and spread them out to dry on the floor of the wood-house chamber. This was a large, unplastered room with rafters running across the roof and beams along the walls. Danny and Davy loved to play there on rainy days, because there was nothing in it that could be soiled or spoiled or broken.

When all the nuts were spread, the two little fellows sat down on the door-step and agreed together how they would sell them and what they would get with the money. Dear me, how many things these small partners planned to buy, as if there was no end to their fortune.

'And we won't eat another nut!' said Danny, resolutely. 'We'll keep 'em all to sell!'

'Not one single 'nother nut!' said little Davy, screwing up his mouth tight, by way of showing that no nuts could make their way in there.

But a few days after this two very excited boys came running to mamma, each one with his nice little face quite spoiled by a little wrinkly frown.

'Mamma!' cried Danny, 'Davy is eating up all our nuts!'

'Haven't eaten a single 'nother one!' said Davy, indignantly. 'It's Danny, his own self!'

Mamma looked from one troubled but honest little face to the other.

'You must not quarrel about this,' she said. 'I do not believe that either of you have taken the nuts; but we shall soon find out the thief, whoever he is.'

And sure enough, just while she was speaking they heard a noise like a rolling nut in the wood-house chamber. The children's eyes grew very large and round. Then they pulled off their shoes and crept noiselessly to the wood-house stairs. Mamma followed them very softly.

They stopped half-way up the stairs and peeped through the railing. Strange to say, there was nobody there!

'Why, mamma, how funny!' began little Davy; but, 'Hush!' whispered mamma, with a smile.

She pointed to a heap of hickory-nuts, and there, with his tail curled saucily over his back, and with one nut in his small, furry paw, sat the drollest little red squirrel, taking his breakfast as comfortably as if he had been invited by the little partners themselves.

When he had finished this nut he took another and stuffed it into his mouth, and with a whisk and a frisk ran up on a beam, capered across the rafters, jumped on the window-sill, and with a long, light spring bounded into the great apple tree outside.

'So you are the thief, Mr. Squirrel!' said Danny. 'Well, I think you have laid up enough nuts for winter, and now I am going to shut the window and keep you out.'

'Say, Davy, I'm awful sorry I said you took those nuts,' he said, remorsefully.

'And I'm drefful sorry I said you took 'em,' echoed little Davy.

'Never say such things again when you are not sure they are true,' said mamma.

And the little boys thought they never would.—Youth's Companion.

LESSON XIII.—June 24.

Review.

THE PRINCIPLES OF THE KINGDOM.

Golden Text.

'Thy Kingdom come.'—Matt. vi., 10.

Questions.

LESSON I.—Matt. iv., 25, to v., 12.

1. Who listened to this sermon?
2. How many beatitudes are there?
3. Repeat them.
4. Which do you think the most beautiful? and why?
5. Can these blessings come to those who do not belong to the Kingdom?

LESSON II.—Matt. vii., 1-14.

1. Repeat the golden text. What is this text generally called?
2. Why is it harmful to judge and criticise others?
3. Which are more important for us to mend, our own faults, or those of our neighbors?
4. How would you explain the difference between the way of eternal life, and the way that leads to destruction?

LESSON III.—Mark v., 22-24; 35-43.

1. Who was Jairus? why did he go to Jesus?
2. What did the Lord do for him?
3. What was the difference between the resurrection of this child and the resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ?

LESSON IV.—Luke vii., 1-10.

1. What was remarkable about this centurion?
2. What did Jesus say about him?
3. Why did our Lord heal the centurion's servant?

LESSON V.—Luke vii., 18-28.

1. Why did John doubt the Lord Jesus?
2. What answer did Jesus make to John's messengers, and what tender warning did he send to John?
3. What did he tell the multitude about John?

LESSON VI.—Matt. xi., 20-30.

1. Why was doom pronounced on Chorazin and Bethsaida?
2. If we do not take advantage of our religious privileges, can they be any blessing to us?
3. What kind of heart should we have that we may be able to understand God?
4. What invitation does the Lord Jesus give to the world?
5. Is he able to fulfil his promises?
6. Have you accepted that invitation?

O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
O give me grace to follow,
My Master and my Friend.

LESSON VII.—Luke vii., 36-50.

1. Who came to Jesus when he was at the Pharisee's house?
2. Does Jesus see in each sinful soul the making of a saint, a rough gem which should be cleansed and polished and made beautiful for his crown?
3. What illustration did our Lord use to show how a forgiven sinner should feel?
4. Is any treasure too great to give to our Redeemer who gave his life for us?

LESSON VIII.—Matt. xiii., 1-8; 18-23.

1. What new method did Jesus now begin to use to teach the people?
2. What is the first parable intended to teach?
3. How many kinds of ground are mentioned, and what did they signify?

LESSON IX.—Matt. xiii., 24-33.

1. Relate the parable of the tares, and give its meaning.
2. What other parables occur in this lesson?

LESSON X.—Matt. ix., 35, to x., 8.

1. What definite prayer are we told to make to God?
2. Name the twelve apostles.
3. What did our Lord send these twelve to do?

LESSON XI.—Mark vi., 14-29.

1. Why did Herod fear the Lord Jesus?
2. Why had John the Baptist been martyred?
3. Would it be grander to be Herod, with an earthly crown and an evil heart, or John, going from a lonely prison into the presence of the King of Kings, to dwell there forever, wearing an eternal crown of glory?

LESSON XII.—John vi., 5-14.

1. How much bread did Philip think it would take to give each of the people a little?
2. What did Jesus use to feed the five thousand?
3. How much was left?
4. What did the people say?

We taste Thee, O Thou Living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain-head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

C. E. Topic.

June 24.—Our eternal destiny. — Matt. xiii., 47-50.

Junior C. E Topic.

M., June 18.—Happier life—John xiii., 17.
T., June 19.—Stronger in spirit. — Job xvii., 9.
Wed., June 20.—Growth.—Psa. xcii., 12.
Th., June 21.—An influential life.—Matt. v., 16.
Fri., June 22.—A Christly life.—I. John iii., 2.
Sat., June 23.—Heavenly guidance.—Psa. xxxvii., 23.
Sun. June 24.—Topic.—How it pays to be good.—Matt. xiii., 47-50.

Know Your Class.

A teacher who had heard of the delightful relationship established between a teacher and her class by the writing of birthday letters, resolved to adopt the plan. But unfortunately she did not know her class of bright boys and girls, and did not appreciate the necessity of knowing them. She wrote the same letter (with very little variation) to each one. It was the same little sermonette to each, irrespective of sex or employment or previous condition of educational advantage.

Can you see how interested John would have been (since John is a famous football player), if his teacher had written that she hoped he would be as earnest in seeking the best gift of God as he was in his game? Every game thereafter would have suggested that message. And then, if she had thought to congratulate him on his recent football victory, there would have been established a new sympathy between the teacher and John.

Supposing she had written to Nellie, who is clerk in a store: 'I thought the other day when you waited on me so courteously, that I wished you would be as kind to my Master and as anxious to serve him.'

Supposing she had entered in like manner into the life of each, can you not see what immense advantage that would have given the teacher?

It was said of one teacher who knew his class only as so much humanity, that he suffered from color-blindness. He could not distinguish at all the infinite variety of shades and temperaments and surroundings.

Such teaching is like the sermons of a certain army chaplain. He preached away faithfully without the slightest visible effect, at which he wondered greatly. He said, 'It is strange that the soldiers do not care for these sermons. My congregation at home liked them very much.'

He did not see that an army of rough soldiers, suffering hardships and facing death needed very different preaching from his cultured village congregation.

How may we know our scholars? Visitation will do very much. This reaches the irregular members, who so much need ministry. Ralph Wells said: 'My teachers agree to make monthly visits. An experience of forty years of several schools has convinced me that almost all the conversions of scholars occurred in the classes of teachers who faithfully shepherded their flocks.—Jennie M. Bingham, in 'Christian Guardian.'

Alcohol Catechism.

(Dr. R. H. Macdonald, of San Francisco.)

CHAPTER XV.—MODERATE DRINKERS.

1. Q.—Are moderate drinkers free from all these dangers?

A.—No; even if they never get actually drunk, they suffer great harm from the continual use of intoxicating drinks.

2. Q.—Does moderate drinking injure a man in business?

A.—It does. Moderate drinkers cannot do the best work; many large firms will only employ those who do not smoke nor drink, for smoking also hurts the nerves.

3. Q.—Can those that do not drink do the finest work?

A.—Yes; for their nerves and muscles are under perfect control, and so their hands are steady, and their sight clear.

4. Q.—What did a celebrated violin player say when offered a glass of wine?

A.—'If I take it I shall lose my touch. My notes will be blurred and I will be the last to find it out; though others will see it readily.'

5. Q.—What does Dr. Edward Brinton say of the effect of one glass of wine upon artists and professional men?

A.—'A single glass of wine will often take the edge off both mind and body, and reduce their capacity below what is their best work.'

6. Q.—Can you tell any way in which moderate drinkers are injured?

A.—Moderate drinking brings on slowly many of the terrible diseases of which you have already learned.

7. Q.—How do you know this to be true?

A.—Many a man who thought himself sound and well has suddenly broken down with these diseases, caused only by his habit of taking a glass or two of liquor every day.

8. Q.—If a man who drinks moderately

meets with an accident or a slight attack of disease what happens?

A.—If such a man breaks a leg or an arm, or gets accidentally shot, or has any slight attack of disease, he is likely to die, when a total abstainer would get well.

9. Q.—What is the chief reason for abstaining from the use of intoxicating drinks?

A.—Because if we use them we shall run great risk of becoming drunkards.

10. Q.—Who make the drunkards?

A.—Moderate drinkers.

11. Q.—Do men intend to become drunkards?

A.—No. When they first begin to drink they think they can stop at any time.

12. Q.—Why are moderate drinkers in danger of becoming drunkards?

A.—Because they keep drinking more and more until their appetite for liquor becomes so strong that they cannot help drinking at all times.

What Intoxicating Drinks Cost the Nation.

Don't be alarmed, little reader, I will not trouble you with a lot of hard figures, but at the same time I want you to put on your thinking cap, for Band of Hope children ought to think of the terrible harm done to our beloved country by the drinking of intoxicating drinks. The more you convince yourself by facts that you have done right in signing the pledge, the more likely you are to have courage to keep it.

You must open your eyes widely as you go through the world; try to find out what drink is doing, and everywhere you will discover that it is always waste and nothing else.

You know that once a quarter a man leaves at your house a small printed paper on which your father is requested to pay a certain sum of money in a certain number of days. This paper demands what we call the rates. If you inquire for what the money is wanted, you will learn that some of it is wanted for very good purposes, such as keeping up the parks in which you play, for lighting the streets; and some of it is wanted for keeping up the workhouse.

If you were to visit this building you would find there many old people quite unable to work, and without any money to keep them; often you will find young people, strong and able to work, but who seem to like to live on charity.

Now, ask someone who knows the history of these people, and I am certain that in more than half the number of cases you will find that these people have wasted their money on drink; some of them have lost their situations through drunkenness, and not a few have spent enough money on drink to have kept them comfortably in old age. So you see the drink costs every ratepayer money to keep the people who have ruined themselves by drinking alcohol.

Now, you cannot fail to have seen another large building in your walks—this is known as a lunatic asylum. Poor men and women are sent here who have lost their reason; that is, when a man is not able to take care of himself, when he is likely to do harm to himself or to someone else, then he is placed under control in such a building as this; it often happens that by proper treatment he gets better and is able to go home to his family again.

Some day your father will perhaps show you a long list of causes why so many people occupy our lunatic asylums, at the top of the list you will find that the chief and first cause of insanity is the drinking of intoxicating drinks.

Once more, you must have seen another building. This time it is one of which we are very proud, we call it a hospital. Here the sick are treated kindly, here the child who meets with an accident is cared for; here many go in weak and ill; they come out strong and well. We love to help the hospital, it is a pleasure to give our mite on Hospital Sunday to help on the good work.

The thought arises in our minds, why are so many hospitals needed? The doctors who attend the patients tell us that more than half the patients have been brought to the hospitals through the use of intoxicating drinks.

Thus we find that drink costs the nation, much money, much suffering, and much sorrow.—The 'Adviser.'

Wesley and the Drink Traffic

Mr. Wesley denounced the drink trade with words of scathing denunciation. In his sermon on 'The Use of Money,' he says: 'Neither may we gain by hurting our neighbor in his body, therefore we may not sell anything that tends to impair health. Such is eminently all that liquid fire, commonly called drams or spirituous liquors. It is true these may have a place in medicine (although there would rarely be any occasion for them were it not for the unskilfulness of the practitioner), therefore such as prepare and sell them only for this end may keep their conscience clear. But who are they? Do you know ten such distillers in England? Then excuse these. But all who sell them in the common way, to any who will buy, are poisoners general. They murder His Majesty's subjects by wholesale neither does their eye pity nor spare. They drive them to hell like sheep, and what is their gain?. Is it not the blood of these men?. Who, then, would envy their large estates and sumptuous palaces? A curse is in the midst of them. The curse of God cleaves to the stones, the timber, the furniture of them! The curse of God is in their gardens, their walks, their groves; a fire that burns to the nethermost hell! Blood, blood is there; the foundation, the walls, the floor, the roof, are stained with blood! And canst thou hope, O thou man of blood, though thou art "clothed in scarlet and fine linen, and farest sumptuously every day"; canst thou hope to deliver down thy fields of blood to the third generation? Not so; for there is a God in heaven; therefore, thy name shall soon be rooted out. Like as those whom thou hast destroyed body and soul, "thy memorial shall perish with thee"!' This may stand for a sample of his denunciations of the trade.—'Christian Guardian.'

Line Upon Line.

When you hear a man say that prohibition doesn't prohibit, and especially when he cites the Maine law as an illustration, just cite to him the following indisputable facts:

1. There is not a distillery in the State of Maine.

2. There is not a grog-shop in more than three-fourths of the state.

3. The quantity of liquor clandestinely sold is not one-twentieth as great as it was before prohibition.

4. The prohibitory law cannot be repealed. The people have tried it thirty-six years, and cannot be induced to surrender it.

5. The United States Government receives from liquor revenue in Maine less than four cents per inhabitant, while in New York State it receives one dollar and ninety cents per inhabitant.

These are eloquent facts.—'Advocate.'

Correspondence

Leitche's Creek, C.B.

Dear Editor,—I go to school every day. We have lots of fun there. I have five brothers and four sisters. Three of my sisters are away. There is only one of them at home; her name is Ena. We have eleven sheep and nine lambs.

MARY S., aged 12.

Alberton, P.E.I.

Dear Editor, — My brother takes the 'Northern Messenger,' and we like to read the correspondence very much. The Mayflowers are very pretty. My brother and I went to school this winter. Our teacher's name is Mr. Forsyth, and we like him very much. I am in the third book. My birthday is July 23. Mamma and I go to church every fine Sunday.

NINA, aged 9.

Keady.

Dear Editor,—My brother John takes the 'Messenger,' and we all like it very well. I have three sisters and one brother. We go to the Presbyterian Sunday-school, and my two sisters did not miss a Sunday last year, and my brother only missed one Sunday.

RUTH, aged 10.

Cherry Wood, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have a pet cat. I go to school every day, and to Sunday-school. We can see the school from our home. The church is nearer than the school. Father takes care of the church. We have a cow that we call 'Daisy,' and two pigs and twelve hens. We got ten eggs to-day. I have two sisters and two brothers. My father works in the brickyard. Yours truly.

VERNA, aged 9.

Mt. Denison.

Dear Editor,—We had a concert in aid of a hospital fund, the hospital is to be in Windsor, five miles from here. Mamma teaches a class in Sunday-school, Papa's only sister married a color-sergeant in an English regiment. He was in the Ashanti war under General Wolseley, and in other battles. Papa adopted his oldest boy, aged seven, when his mother died. He enlisted in the Royal Artillery afterwards, and has served twelve years. A younger brother is in South Africa at the front, in an English regiment. I have another cousin in Company H, first Canadian contingent. He was in the battle when Cronje surrendered.

CASSIE P. R., aged 10.

Renfrew, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm. I have five sisters and one brother. I am the third youngest, my two little sisters, Gladys and Birdie, go to the public school, and I attend the Renfrew High School. Two of my sisters are teaching school. My dear papa and two dear little brothers are dead. All of my grandparents are dead also. I go to the Presbyterian Church. My birthday is on May 25.

MAUDE I. M. L., aged 15.

Lander.

Dear Editor,—I live in Manitoba, my papa is a farmer. I have only gone to school one day. I have a baby brother, his name is Redvers. My little brother Reggie is in heaven. I go to Sunday-school. I had a cat named 'Carrots,' but he went away. Our dog's name is 'Jack.' My doll's name is 'Rosy Ruth.' I am sending you a flower. We take the 'Witness' and 'Messenger,'' Good-bye, from

LULU, aged 6.

Thank you for the pretty flower, Lulu.

Memel, Albert Co., N.B.

Dear Editor,—Our nearest church is three miles away. We only have Sunday-school in the summer. Our schoolhouse is three-quarters of a mile away, and our nearest neighbor a quarter of a mile. My grandfather keeps the post-office. I have read all the 'Elsie' books, 'The Lamplighter,' 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'In His Steps,' 'Beautiful Joe,' 'Black Beauty,' 'Paula Clyde,' 'A Star in Prison,' and several others.

DELLA M., aged 12.

Great Falls, Mont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl ten years old, living in Great Falls. I was born in St. Paul. My grandfather came from Montreal; his name is James Dickson; he fought in the Fenian Raid; he was sergeant-major under Colin Campbell. He is 71 years old. He did not get a medal. My teacher's name is Miss Longeway. She came from Montreal. I like her very much. I have one brother named Ronald.

ISABEL MARY.

LETTERS RECEIVED.

Charles J. Myles, Samuel J. Walker, Lily Eryon, Fernie Franklin, R.H.L., Robert McM., Arthur L., Addison E., T.G., Lulu E. McR., Maudie Arbeau, Nellie Glazier, Cora Dickhout, Elmer O., Irene Currie, Sydney G., Jean Scott, Lizzie Miller, Truman A. Stevens, Annie M. Beals, Seddie Reid, Sadie E., Ruth, Gertie McK., Sadie McK., Della M. Stevens, Winifrede, Laura, Sandy Le Furgey, Mildred Miller, A. M. H., Russel M., Jeanie S., Chester E., Tommie E., Margaret L., Pearl E. C., Edna L. B., Edith M. H., S. A. Anderson, A.E.W., E.M.T., Bella Gracie, Carrie S., John C. Mackay, Annie Perry, Beryl, Adella L. Currie, F.F.H., Arnie—Jackson, Myrtle Snowdon, Robbie F., M.S.F., Jimmie Scott,

[Thank you all for your letters and kind wishes.—Ed.]

'MESSENGER' HONOR ROLL OF BIBLE SEARCHERS.

Clara Bell and Maggie, Jane Smith, Sarah Ann Anderson, Katie Small.

HOUSEHOLD.

Reviving the Apparently Drowned.

('Lake George Mirror.')

1. Loosen the clothing, place the face downward, with the forehead resting on one of the wrists, and the face turned to one side. Open the mouth; seize the tongue between the fingers, covered with a handkerchief or piece of cloth, and draw it forward between the teeth; clean mouth and throat from mucous by passing the forefinger, covered with a handkerchief, or piece of cloth, far back into the mouth, thus opening a free passage to the windpipe.

2. Turn the face upward, shoulders resting on a folded coat or pillow; keep the tongue forward; raise the arms backward and upward to the sides of the head (this expands the chest and allows the air to enter the lungs); then slowly move them downward, bending them so that the elbows will come to the sides and the hands cross the pit of the stomach, and press them gently but strongly against the sides and chest (this forces the air out of the lungs). Continue the two movements (which produce artificial breathing) very deliberately about ten or twelve times in a minute continue, until natural breathing is resumed, or until satisfied that life is extinct.

3. While this is being done a little friction on the chest may be produced by rubbing gently with warm flannel, and the body may be stripped and wrapped in dry blankets.

After natural breathing begins, continue very gently, for a few minutes, the two movements which produce artificial breathing.

After breathing is fully restored, give the patient a teaspoonful of brandy, hot sling or tea, two or three times a minute, until the beating of the pulse can be felt at the wrist.

Rub the legs and arms upward, and the feet and hands with warm dry flannel.

Apply hot cloths to the body, legs and arms, and bottles of hot water to the feet.

CAUTION.

1. Do not be discouraged if annimation does not return in a few minutes. The patient sometimes recovers after hours of labor.

2. Do not allow the tongue to fall back and close the windpipe, while the arms are being worked.

3. Do not rub the legs and arms until natural breathing is restored.

4. Do not put any liquor in the mouth until natural breathing is fully restored.

5. Do not roll the body or handle it roughly.

6. Do not allow the head to hang down.

The Girl With a Shadowed Life.

(By Mary R. Baldwin.)

There are some girls whose lives seem to be set in shadowed places. It may be that financial reverses, invalidism in the home, or the wrong-doing of a member of the family has become a cloud above the daily experience.

At the time when the nature of the young girl should gladly open to all the sweet and beautiful influences of life, if she is susceptible, the adverse condition in the home will affect her spirits, and may even lay a depressing hand upon her development.

The shadow of invalidism darkens many a home where a young nature is beginning to feel the mystery of life beyond her, and unless the invalid has received the blessed influences of discipline, and has not yielded to its hardening forces, the home is a place of trial to those who must daily come in contact with the querulous, disabled member of the household. There are invalids who raise a forbidding hand against even the innocent pleasures of the young, and seem to desire to throw a pall over the whole home experience.

A letter has just come to me from a lovely girl into whose life a deep loss has entered through the death of her mother, which left her with the care of the home, of her father and two younger sisters, and the burden of an unhappy invalid aunt.

She writes:

'I have met another trial. Mother always gave my sisters a birthday party, and as the anniversary of Annie's birth came near I was in great perplexity, for Aunt Sarah grew nervous and exacting, hardly allowing a laugh in the house. I felt that I must disappoint the girls by giving up the party, or make Aunt Sarah very angry by going on with it. I set my wits to work and decided to go over to a friend of Aunt Sarah's who had many times taken her to ride. I begged a favor that she would invite her for a short drive in the country on the afternoon set for the party, and keep her out as long as possible. The lady had been a dear friend of my mother's, and understood the circumstances, and was very glad to be of service.

'She arranged the whole thing beautifully, and the last guest had departed when she drove into the yard with a seemingly transformed woman by her side. Afterwards, this friend in need, as she took my hand, whispered, "My dear, every time you enter a sea of trouble, if you are able to ride the wave, you come out stronger and better for the trial." I have learned, I think, through these every day perplexities to ride waves. I don't set my will against Aunt Sarah's as I did at first, and I don't murmur at providence so much, but I try to find a way out of the difficulty.'

A dark shadow over a home is that of the persistent wrong-doing of one of its members. It may be a father or a brother who has entered a downward path, and if the daughter, or the sister, has high standards of purity and truth, and is of a thoughtful, sensitive nature, she must endure much suffering, be beaten back often in her hopeful efforts to reclaim the loved ones, and at times despair of worthy living for herself.

How shall the girl be true to her best thought of living, and find strength to resist all of the influences of discouragement? How live her own God-given individuality, while under the awful cloud of the sin of one whom she loves and tries to save?

Well, there is but one answer—by just being true to her best self. Not by going out of her way to give a moral lecture, or by giving herself up to wailing, though at times these have their place in the experience, but by a steady purpose of right living, full of loving interest for the erring, and by that trust which shall brighten the hope so that the darkened home shall never be without its ray of light.

To bear the yoke in youth has been the lot of many of the world's great souls and has made them strong to support the weak and the helpless, and worthy to lead the marching column of those who shall be crowned with honor.—'Christian Intelligencer.'

A Terrible Habit.

The use of the narcotics opium, morphine and cocaine appears to be increasing at an alarming rate. Dr. T. D. Crothers, of Hartford, Conn., one of our foremost experts on inebriety in all its virulent forms, in a paper on 'Morphinism among physicians' has made some startling revelations. He gives a statistical report concerning the history of more than three thousand physicians of the Middle and Eastern States, twenty-one percent of whom were using spirits or opium to excess; and his investigations lead to the general conclusion that from six to ten percent of all medical men are confirmed opium inebriates. Dr. Crothers further estimates 'that there are in the United States from a hundred thousand to a hundred and fifty thousand opiumists; that from thirty to sixty percent of insanity is due to narcotics; and that from forty to eighty percent of all degeneracy and neurotic diseases is attributable to these causes.' Physicians are especially exposed to this habit through their constant handling of these drugs. Often overdriven and worried in their work it is easy for them to find quick relief in a magic tablet of morphine, and the seeds of the habit are thus sown. Patients in not a few instances contract the habit from their physicians. Relieved a few times by the physician's hand, they find that they can relieve themselves, and the insidious process thus gets started. Many persons of nervous temperament make the fatal discovery that opium, morphine or cocaine will put them in a quiet and comfortable state of mind, or will enable them to sleep, and they resort to their use. They may be unaware of the danger of the practice, or more commonly they think, as inebriates generally do, that they can control the habit and stop it at a safe point. But the use of these narcotics rapidly grows into a habit that binds the unhappy victim in slavery even more terrible and hopeless than that of alcohol. They produce hysteria, melancholia, dementia, acute mania, and suicide. The physical and moral wreck that results from the habitual use of morphine and cocaine is one of the most awful things in human life. Any one that is using these fatal drugs should instantly stop the practice and fight for the very life of the body and the soul. The report of the American Pharmaceutical Association in 1897 says that the Association 'should put itself on record regarding the use of opium and cocaine. We might as well take the lead and do something in the way of stopping as far as is within our power the use of narcotics, and restrict the physician's prescription for the sick only.' But the main responsibility must rest with the individual; and he should most rigidly restrict himself in the use of these drugs. No one should ever take them except when given in illness by a reputable physician. Every one should stoutly refuse and fear to use them as a means of physical or mental repose or stimulation, for such use is wrong and has in it the seeds of awful slavery and ruin.—'Standard.'

Useful Hints.

Linen may be made beautifully white by the use of a little refined borax in the water instead of using a washing fluid.

Wash fabrics that are inclined to fade should be soaked and rinsed in very salt water, to set the color, before washing in the suds.

In making bread, rub a little sweet lard or other fat over the top as often as it is kneaded, and it will not only rise more quickly, but have a soft, delicious crust when baked.

To test a ham, stick a sharp knife under the bone. If it comes out clean, with a pleasant smell, the ham is good; but if the knife is daubed and has a disagreable smell do not buy it.

A furniture polish that may be made at home, and which is reliable, needs for a foundation half a pint of linseed oil. This should be boiled and put into a stone pipkin, two ounces of yellow wax, cut in thin shavings, being added. Set the pot in a saucepan of boiling water until the wax is thoroughly melted, then strain through muslin, and stir constantly until cold. Add a quarter of a pint of spirits of turpentine and a quarter of a pint of vinegar; mix thoroughly and bottle.—Presbyterian Banner.'

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